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ISSUE

# The Cheer

EXAMS  
COMING  
SOON

Vol. XVIII

Collegeville, Ind., May 8, 1926

No. 4

## Delegates for Dayton Chosen

Chicago, Dayton, Louisville. In rapid succession three events of far reaching significance to the United States and to the world at large will take place during the month of June. The Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, the Crusade Convention in Dayton, the Catholic Educational Association Meeting in Louisville. The Dwenger Mission Unit would fain send delegates to the Congress, for the Holy Eucharist and the Missions are closely related. But it is content to be well represented at the Fifth General Convention of the Crusade. In the persons of Messrs. Paul Galliger and Edward Siegman the Dwenger Mission Unit and St. Joseph's may justly look forward to splendid representation. These men were chosen for their superior qualities. It is to these, its delegates, that the Dwenger Mission Unit owes its loyal support. It must support them now by words of encouragement and practical advice, and during the days of the Convention, by earnest prayer. Grave problems are facing the coming Convention, but "To them that love God all things work together for Good." Great success to the Convention and to our delegates is the wish of the Dwenger Mission Unit and of St. Joseph's.

W. N., '27.

## Oratory Contest

The members of the Sixth Class will contest for the Conroy Oratory Medal, Sunday, May twenty-third. From all indications, the contest promises to be close and to give the judges, who have not been selected as yet, no little difficulty in choosing the winner. The audience need not fear of going to sleep during this contest for the speakers have taken interesting topics, several of which deal with educational matters. The contest is—let it be repeated—set for May twenty-third. Don't forget. Sunday evening, May twenty-third.

## Alumni Day

On the afternoon of May 4, St. Joe was visibly excited about something. The former students of St. Joe were literally pouring in and many old and rather rusty acquaintances were being renewed. Every Alumnus present was filled with pep. It was evident that one of the liveliest Homecoming Celebrations ever staged here was rapidly progressing. "Peaceful Valley" was presented

### NOTICE! ! !

The next and final issue of the CHEER, will contain twenty-four pages, besides a colored cover. A picture of the graduates and several other cuts will be run in this issue. All those who desire extra copies should give their order to anyone of the editors within the next two weeks. The price is twenty-five cents.

by the Columbian Literary Society in the evening for the entertainment of the Alumni and Students. No one of the audience was left unaffected by this well known play, so splendidly staged.

A Solemn High Mass for the deceased Alumni was celebrated on Wednesday morning. Father Ildphonse Rapp C. P. P. S. was celebrant while Father R. H. Monnin was deacon and Father Charles May sub-deacon.

Shortly after Mass, the usual Alumni vs. St. Joe baseball game was played. The contest was an exciting one, and much spirit was shown by the supporters of both teams. When the game was called the score stood 9 to 0 with St. Joe in the lead.

Judging from the joyous expression on the faces of the Alumni, the banquet which was served at noon was enjoyed by all. After the banquet the Annual Business Meeting was held and the following officers were elected:

(Continued on page 7)

So, come on, ye orators; may the best man win.

## "Peaceful Valley"— Is Great Success

A pleasing entertainment was presented on Tuesday evening, April 20, by the Columbian Literary Society. The program was made up of the play, "Peaceful Valley," and of musical numbers. The staging of this play demanded unusual efforts on the part of everyone connected with the performance. First of all, the directing required much time and patience on the part of Father Rapp, director of the society. Second, the acting was equally as good as that which always characterizes the programs presented by the C. L. S. The stage managers, Cornelius Dobmeyer and Fred Westendorf, merited the audience's appreciation for their incomparable work. St. Joe is certainly fortunate in having these two students who sacrifice so much in contributing their share to the success of every entertainment given in our auditorium.

"Peaceful Valley" presented unusual difficulties in having four female characters, but these parts were capably played by Harry Estadt, Blase Brown, Paul Galliger, and Desmond Moore. Although the acting was practically faultless, the play itself failed to gain and hold the interest of the audience, due to the slow development of the plot.

During the musical numbers the students were unusually attentive. It is to be hoped that this decided improvement in their behavior will continue to manifest itself in all future programs.

Hosea Howe, a man of the moun-

(Continued on page eight.)

## "Raffles," April 24

"Raffles, The Amateur Cracksman," together with a two reel comedy, was shown in the auditorium on Saturday, April 24. The play was very entertaining, especially to anyone who glories in detective stories. Here's hoping that we have the opportunity of witnessing more interesting movies before the arrival of vacation.



## DICKENS—AN APPRECIATION

It is not my intention to enter upon a very detailed and involved study of the greatest of English novelists, but I merely choose to set forth in as few words as at all possible a comprehensive view of the life and work of one, who has been termed in the words of W. T. Hughes: "The most potent and influential person, of social reform, in the nineteenth century."

Undoubtedly, we all have read one or the other of his works, but comparatively few have studied his life and works so carefully on it as to see how wonderful is his power of delineating character; how keen is his sympathy, and what it is that almost forces us to love him immediately when reading any one of his books. A rather detailed consideration of his early life will best answer our purpose. Our "hero" was born at Landport, England, in 1812, and was the second of eight poor children. His father was at that time clerk in a naval office where he received but very meager wages with which he was barely able to support his comparatively large family. Pursued by overwhelming debts, he moved with his family to London. Here again poverty beset him anew, and several years of sad misfortune finally threw him into the poor-debtors' prison.

Reduced to this extremity, his wife set up the famous Boarding Establishment for young ladies. In the words of Dickens, however, "no young ladies ever came."

Amidst these hardships, young Dickens was taken out of school at the early age of eleven and sent to work in the cellar of a blacking factory. We can thoroughly appreciate his experiences in the capacity of label-paster if we read his immortal "David Copperfield."

But we are rather prone to overlook these dreadful sufferings of a sensitive child, who toiled from morn to night for a few pennies, when we remember that, had it not been for this episode in his life, we probably would never have enjoyed the poignant sympathy of "David Copperfield," or the heartrending passages of "Oliver Twist."

Charles was now thirteen years of age, and upon his father's release from prison, the boy was again sent to school through the provident in-

tervention of a small legacy. The school was presided over by a brutal old tyrant, whom we see reflected, together with his unfortunate pupils, in "Nicholas Nickleby."

Wherever he went, Dickens was a keen observer and was remarkably well fitted to put into words the incongruities which another observer might easily miss. Three things furnish a key to his life and writings, namely, his keen power of observation, his dramatic ability, and his active imagination. So great was his dramatic power that at one time an old banner-bearer in one of the theatres said to him, "Ah, Mr. Dickens, if it hadn't been for them books, what an actor you would have made!"

At the age of fifteen he again left the school and was forced once more to work; this time, however, as clerk in a lawyer's office. At night he studied shorthand intending to fit himself for a reporter; this, in imitation of his father who was now employed as a news agent. After two years we find him reporting important speeches, writing out his notes in the coach as it rolled on its way to London. During this period he gained that unusual knowledge of inns and stables which later plays an important part in many of his novels.

At the modest age of twenty-two, we are told in his own words, "he dropped his first sketch stealthily into a letter box." This first sketch, together with others, appeared in "Sketches by Boz" in 1835. One year later he began his "Pickwick Papers," his best known work, which appeared serially in one of the most popular newspapers of the day. And in spite of the fact that Dickens recorded in its pages the exaggerated incidents connected with a series of exaggerated characters, the work fully assured the fame and fortune of its author.

The public, however, paid little attention to these defects; it looked mainly to the humor of the work. It was precisely that kind of humor the public then craved and still enjoys after a lapse of practically a century.

Having thus surveyed his life somewhat at length, we shall readily understand what it is in Dickens that appeals to us. His boyhood experi-

ences, aided by his innate imagination and extreme sensibility, fitted him admirably well to write that sort of book which the public demands, namely, a novel dealing with the smiles and tears of people, in which the author noticeably rejoices and grieves respectively.

Thus the secret and charm of Dickens lies in his love and sympathy for the common people. He championed the weak against the strong and strove with all his might to eradicate injustice. A noble task, indeed, in which he succeeded admirably well.

However noble and enduring his work, we must also cite his limitations, although we do so reluctantly. His novels, while containing extremely realistic characters, seldom suggest objective reality. But his captivating humor, his power of observation, and his genuine love for suffering man must be admitted. For, wherever we go, whether to the well-stocked library of the aristocrat, or to the humble book-shelf of the cottage, Dickens is proudly displayed. His charm remains, never to be forgotten. And if his works continue to help poor, struggling man in this valley of tears, they have fulfilled their noble purpose.

—Marcellus Foltz, '27.

### Feast of St. Joseph

The feast of "The Patronage of St. Joseph" was celebrated in a suitable manner. In the morning a Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Linneman, with Father Koenn and Father Hoorman as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. A sermon, in which he admonished the students to imitate the life of St. Joseph, was delivered by Father Kostic of Whiting, Indiana.

Following Mass, the first Senior League baseball game of the season was played between the Sixth and Fifth Classes. The game ended with the Fifts leading, 4 to 0. In the afternoon, the Thirds lost their first game to the Fourths.

Immediately after evening services, a movie, "The Iron Horse," was screened and afforded two hours of enjoyment to everyone present.

#### Ever Try This and Get It?

Go to Dad and warble the following: "Slip me fifty seeds old oil can, I wanna guzzle a hunka candy."

Order early and be sure.



## Thirty Blocks and Thirty Dollars

The Easter holidays had passed. I was lounging on the sitting room couch with my head sunk into the satin cushions. Suddenly the shrill whistle of the postman aroused me from my day-dreaming. I hurried to the door, and at the same time called to mother and sister, Mary, that I would receive the mail. I threw open the door, and after an exchange of greetings the postman handed me a large blue envelope. To my great joy, I found that it was addressed to me. Breaking open the seal, I deprived the envelope of its contents and began to read the letter which was from my aunt, Mary, whom I had almost forgotten.

A piece of yellow paper, which had escaped my notice, fluttered to the floor. A line in the letter made my eyes glitter like jewels. Just think of this: "Hoping sincerely that you will enjoy the check I hereby enclose, etc." But where was the check? Ah! there it was on the floor. I picked it up. Thirty dollars! Oh, what wouldn't I do with those thirty dollars! I blessed my aunt and thanked God for having given me so generous a benefactor. Placing the check in my folder and pocketing it with great satisfaction, I thrust the letter into mother's hands and shouted, "I'm off for town!"

At this time we were living in Brooklyn. I had a little loose change in my pocket, five cents of which was spent in hiring the ferry to take me over to New York. The ferry stopped and we all crowded out. I had planned on taking in an opera, and to my favorite theatre I hastened. "One, please," I said with an air of importance, as I dove into my pocket for the check. I intended to produce it and get several bills in exchange. I hastily withdrew my hand and dove into the other pocket. I tried another, then another, and after I had canvassed them all, a cold sweat stood upon my brow. I gasped. The coveted folder containing the precious check was not to be found!

"Er,—ah,—er,—yes,—that is,—", I stammered out to the young man.

"What is wrong, sir? Are you ill?" he asked.

"No,—that is,—I,—er,—pardon me!" I managed to gasp. Oh, I could

never face that young man again!

I retraced my steps, and once out in the street, I again tried my pockets. Alas! All in vain. I had walked thirty blocks from the ferry, and over these thirty blocks I once more plodded my weary way. A laugh from Mary and a scolding from mother was all I could expect. I knew I would deserve it too, for I should have been more careful.

At last I reached home. When I opened the door, I saw mother and Mary still occupied in their knitting. I dreaded the thought of telling them what happened, so I retreated to the sitting room. I threw off my wraps and dove into the cushions again. However, I could not bear this position, so I sat up and cast a weary look around the room. I sighed. I pictured myself sitting in the opera house enjoying the performance.

But wait; what was that lying under the table? I shouted with joy. It was my wallet. How it got there, I do not know to this day. I told my story, nevertheless, and that night a happy little family enjoyed a movie.

—Michael Geffert, '28.

### LITTLE SENIORS' BIG DOINGS.

On Sunday, April 18, the Fourth class held its second feed of the year. The committee labored hard to make the little gathering and the banquet a success, and their efforts were not made in vain. An interesting program was enjoyed by all. Here's to the committee in charge; they certainly prepared an excellent feed.

Schweitzer: "Father, may I raise my hand?"

Prof: "Certainly, what do you want?"

Schweitzer: "I want to ask a question."

Frenzer: "What makes a balloon go up?"

Dutch Mayrl: "Simple, hot air and gas."

Frenzer: "If that's the case, I don't see how you keep down."

Tom Connolly: "Soon we seniors will be leaving these halls of learning, and I want to thank you for all I know."

Prof: "Oh, don't mention it; it's a mere trifle."

Tom Grotenrath felt rather "stuck up" after seeing his name on a "star"

## Exchanges

"The Varsity News" is an interesting weekly published by the University of Detroit. The "Humorous Number" is concerned mainly with the "J Hop", which is merely another name for the usual collegiate function called the Junior Prom. This elaborate social affair was held in the famous Book-Cadillac Hotel. Two nationally known orchestras, one of which was the Kansas City Night Hawks, entertained the dancers from 9:30 P. M. until "Three O'Clock in the Morning."

### AGED IN LEARNING.

Shorty: What do you expect to be when you get out of high school?

Stub: An old man.

—Pacific Star.

We are pleased to note that William Zeller, a former student of St. Joe, is now exchange editor of the "Campionette" published by the students of Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. "Bill" is also a prominent member of the Masquers Jazz Orchestra, being the pianist, whom the "Campionette" refers to as "King of the Ivories."

The tightest man is the fellow who wouldn't get weighed because he had to tip the scales.

—Varsity News.

On April 6th, St. Mary's College, Kansas, dedicated its new classroom building, Rodman Hall, named in honor of the president of this noted Jesuit school. The mid-April issue of the Hour Glass contained a fine view of this imposing structure, which contains 24 classrooms in addition to offices and laboratories.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: "Pacific Star, Hour Glass, Varsity News, Campionette, H. C. C. Journal, The Wag, Purple and White, Look-a-Head, Wendellette, and Mother Seton Journal."

Grotenrath: What's the matter with Neuhaus?

Infirmarian: Appendicitis, I think.

Grotenrath: Oh, I'm so glad, I was afraid he had only a cold.

Big June issue—order yours?

basketball team. After a second glance at the title, Tom had fallen several degrees.

—C. H., '28.



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## LUTHER BURBANK.

Recently one of the greatest and most widely known naturalists the world has ever seen—Luther Burbank—died. Though himself an atheist, he has aided wonderfully in the development of God's creatures. Especially wonderful were the results obtained from his experiments on various plants. He has greatly increased the usefulness of many plants and has given the world plants which almost seem to be of an altogether new species. The white-blackberry, the plumcot—a combination of the plum and the apricot—the pomato—a growth on the top of potatoes—and a host of other equally marvelous improvements on nature have been the results of his indefatigable labors. His work, though not the first attempt along these lines, has been the most eminently successful. He has opened a field of endeavor wherein are innumerable possibilities for improvements. Nearly all plants can and undoubtedly will be perfected along lines of size, quality and longevity. But it was Burbank who created an active interest; it was he who demonstrated the utility and feasibility of working along these lines. In him the world has lost a great naturalist—possibly the greatest. Let us hope that there will be many more to take his place and resume the work which death took from his hands.—A. Z., '27.

## MOTHERS' DAY.

That a day should be set apart for the purpose of reminding us of the honor, respect, and love due to our Mothers and to Mothers in general is evidently a most worthy custom. Our earliest memories are tinged with a Mother's love and sacrifice. It was she who, through long days and nights of sickness, watched over us, and who disregarded her own health for the health of her child. When the world itself seemed to be pitted against us, we turned to Mother for the consolation and encouragement which were never lacking.

Indeed, we can never repay, and often we do not even sufficiently appreciate the sacrifices and hardships undergone by Mother for us. Still, no matter how ungrateful, or how thoughtless we were, it is always Mother who cheers us when trouble is at our door. When fortune has been favorable to us, it is her pride in us that makes us strive for higher and better things.

If, perchance, we should have forgotten our Mothers on the vigil of this day, set aside especially in their honor, it is not too late for us to show our love and appreciation. A beautiful card, a long letter, or a bouquet of flowers may still be sent to them. One way remains, however, in which we can benefit them still more; remember them in prayers and at Communion, and offer these up for the dearest and most sympathetic of friends anyone can have on earth.

—W. F., '27.

## DECORATION DAY.

Students are apt to look forward to the second last day of May as merely a day of freedom from studies. True, we all appreciate an extra free day; but we should not allow our conception of Memorial Day to be limited to this single thought. Decoration Day has been set aside for a very definite purpose: to honor and to pay reverence to those dead heroes of our country who gave up their homes and families and, amid the fire and smoke of the battle field, fought for the mothers, wives, sweethearts and children whom they had left behind. Willingly, indeed, these wearers of the Blue, and Gray, and Khaki sacrificed their lives for God and country; if only Old Glory would thus continue to wave above a free, prosperous, united people. And all

## A REMINDER.

The scholastic year of 1925-26 will soon be ended. For some of us it means the realization of the proximate goal for which we have all entered St. Joe, namely, GRADUATION; for all of us it means either a year utilized or a year wasted. Already it is too late for us to make this year a really successful one if bygone days have been foolishly wasted. Fundamentals will then be lacking, and thus this year of our lives cannot be pointed to with just pride, especially, if during the last month only, we put forth our best efforts in whatever we have undertaken. Still it is better to use this last month, than to despair and waste it also.

Spring is here and with it comes the fever of the season. The great danger, therefore, is that even those among us who have worked diligently during the past eight months will succumb to the usual spell of laziness. Then, even though the foundation is solid, the last story of this year's work will detract noticeably from the success of the previous eight months.

Since the third quarterly examinations were dropped, we shall have an uncommonly large field to cover. We are not all equally talented, but every one of us, without exception, has the ability to merit a ONE in application. So let's go, gang, and finish this year in a worthy manner.

—W. F., '27.

In every parting there is an image of death.—G. Eliot.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.—S. Dowdney.

Words once spoken can never be recalled.—W. Dillon.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.—Bacon.

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.—Pope.

that they asked in return is, that we, their children and grandchildren, take an active interest in our country's affairs; whether these be matters of national or international concern; and that we endeavor, as they have, with might and main to lead America to still greater achievements, so that they "shall not have died in vain."

C. I., '27.



## Our Correspondence School

### ESSAY WRITING.

It is too late now for anyone to use the admonitions given in this column in writing for this year's Essay Contest. Consequently, no one will justly be able to blame us if he does not win a medal or two in the aforesaid contest.

In writing an essay, be it remembered, first of all, that a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet. A lesson in psychology, pathology, theology, or in any other ology remains just as sweet even though it is classed as an essay. Hence all ological essays should be avoided.

Since the advent of automobiles the human race has been afflicted with a pleonastic supply of woes. Formerly the "genus equus" was more in evidence, and many of the "whoas," which, by diminishing in its ranks, have been placed on man, were intended for and were patiently accepted by the equines. At least many pseudo-essayists would have us believe that Uncle Sam is filled with pains and woes from head to foot, or rather from Florida to Alaska. Their reformatory essays contain thoughts as deep as the briny sea and as original as our last simile. These questions of reform have been debated, decided, undecided, et cetera—and perhaps had worse things than that done to them—still they are with us. Why, then, try to settle them in a single essay?

"Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss." If we criticize the work of any author, and if Pope's saying is any criterion, the chances are that we shall censure wrong. We must give readers a chance to forget what happens, happened, or will happen in the classroom. For instance, we dare not write about the "Lays of Ancient Rome," for these "Lays" were as rotten when Macaulay dug them up as they are today. Hence we ought, even in this age of Listerine, to leave them buried.

Some writers promulgate their esoteric cogitations, and communicate their superficial sentimentalities, extemporaneous exhortations, and amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations through platitudinuous ponderosity. Such pomposity augments the excellency of an essay to a very slight degree only, so

why not communicate all thoughts in comprehensible English?

Summing up the high points of this lesson on essay writing, we have the following: avoid heavy, serious, reformatory, critical and pessimistic topics; and whatever topic a writer may choose, let him strive above all to avoid verbal monstrosities because these vain ornaments invariably lead to tautology, redundancy, verbosity and prolixity.

—W. F., '27.

## Our Choir

The choir was organized last September under the very capable direction of Father Omlor. Throughout the scholastic year our church services have been enhanced by the splendid interpretations of the various Masses.

On the feast of "The Patronage of St. Joseph," the choir surpassed all previous efforts in the rendition of the "Mass in Honor of the Mother of God," composed by Henry Tappert. This is a four-voice Mass, and we well realize the amount of work involved in faithfully mastering so difficult a composition. It certainly was a beautiful Mass to sing for the celebration of this institutional feast-day.

As we knelt in our pews, our devotion was increased while we listened in wrapt attention to the voices of our choir chanting the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Offertory, Sanctus and Agnus Dei. There is no wonder that the Church has combined music with its services, for they would be less inspiring without this important factor.

Many of us take great pleasure in attending a High Mass because singing is a great aid to devotion. There is no instrument made as yet which can duplicate the human voice, consequently, we delight in participating in the services through the medium of song by the choir.

We are proud of our choir, and we feel that the students owe its members a vote of thanks for the splendid program rendered on the Feast of St. Joseph. We sincerely hope that the choir will continue its efforts towards maintaining the high plane of perfection now established for the honor and glory of God.

—M. K., '27.

"Another guy trying to start something," muttered Sherlock Holmes as he spied a poor fellow cranking a Ford.

## A Weighty Question

In this age when one can make an enemy for life by telling any member of the fairer sex that she possesses a redundancy of avoirdupois, the motive prompting Mr. Hamlet, when his watch was fastly disappearing beneath an ever enlarging abdomen, to exclaim: "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," is nearing solution. Architecturally speaking, even the statue of Liberty does not represent the true ideal of American beauty. We can easily imagine Miss Liberty saying: "O, that this too, too solid bronze would melt."

Hamlet's problem is nearing solution, thanks to dieting and exercise. Still, many tons of too solid flesh could be melted, and if anyone finds an effective way of doing this he has my full permission to try the reducing properties of his discovery on the circumference of humanity in general.

Excessive weight is a hinderance to anyone. Last year it cost Bahe Ruth his crown as king of fly swatters. If all a man eats goes to waist he is classed as an epicure. Many an excellent man has been haunted in his sleep by the vision of a platter of nice tender flesh, but he is confronted with the same problem and possesses the same desire which Hamlet, via Shakespeare, so well expresses.

Prohibition was supposed to reduce the center of gravity of many men. There has been, however, a marked increase in the sale of extra large belts since the advent of this protegee of Volstead. The outstanding feature in the lives of many men is still the arithmetical mean between their head and their feet.

When a grunt, however slight, is necessary preparatory to doffing or undoffing our shoes it is time that we take the first steps in melting our too, too solid flesh. What are the first steps? They are numerous and should be taken daily around the splendid quarter mile track surrounding one of St. Joe's primeval forests.

—W. F., '27.

Customer: "What's the name of those scales you got there?"

Proprietor: "Why, they have no name."

Customer: "Well, I'd call 'em 'Ambush.' You see, they're always lying in weight."



# ATHLETICS

"DAN" BOONE

"SAL" FOLTZ

## BASE BALL GOING GOOD

### FIFTHS DOWN SIXTHS IN OPENER

Greg Gobel, pitching an excellent brand of ball, was the hero of the first Senior League game of the season. He allowed but one hit, a single by Luckey in the fourth inning, and walked but two men. Achberger and Luckey formed the battery for the Sixths during the first two innings. However, Frank seemed to have an off-day as he allowed four runs in these two innings. Luckey took the mound in the third and Baird donned the mask. In the three remaining innings neither side scored although the Sixths threatened to do so several times. Greg kept 'em down and pitched himself out of several tight places. The Fifths secured four hits off Achberger, Andy Fecher leading off with a pretty double to center field. Gerlach was the leading swatter of the day, getting three hits out of as many times at bat.

### FOURTHS DOUBLE THIRDS TO WIN.

The Fourths batted their way to victory over the Thirds to the tune of 12 to 6. Hoyng had the Fourths guessing for the better part of two innings but finally blew up and Barge replaced him. Len Connor pitched the entire game for the Fourths in a very creditable manner. Denka led his team-mates with the club, securing four singles out of four times at the plate, and also scored three runs. Dan Dreiling, usually a heavy hitter, was unable to connect with the ball. Schill, center fielder for the Thirds, secured three hits and scored two runs, while Alig and Henrich did the remainder of the scoring for the Thirds.

### SENIORS CONQUER SECONDS

Des Moore pitched the Seniors to a victory over the Seconds, allowing but three hits and one run. Des did some pretty hurling and at no time was he in danger of blowing up. Sal Dreiling did some nice flinging for the Seconds, but several errors by his infielders allowed the winning runs to cross the plate for the Sixths. A brilliant double play,

Rath to Newton to Achberger, was the feature of the game. Moore struck out six and Dreiling sent an equal number to the bench by the same route.

### THIRDS BOW TO FIFTHS

The Fifths defeated the Thirds in a rattlin' good game Friday afternoon, April 30. Barge was in the box for the Thirds and Boone for the Fifths. For a time it looked as if the Thirds were going to swamp their opponents; Boone was a trifle wild and walked the first two batters that faced him, while Barge appeared to be going good. The Thirds scored their only count of the game in the second inning. But fickle Dame Fortune soon abandoned the Juniors and took up her abode in the camp of the Fifths. Boone, Wuest, and Foltz singled in rapid succession, scoring two runs. In the fourth inning Hans singled, and Boone following him, tripled to center field. Wuest struck out, and Foltz singled. Fecher walked, scoring later. Piggy ended the game, as far as the Fifths were concerned, by doing something unusual—he struck out. The final score was 7 to 1.

### MEYER SHUTS OUT SECONDS 40.

The Fourths, playing air-tight ball, shut out the Thirds in a six inning contest. Emil Meyer with his bean ball had the Seconds guessing, and although they secured six hits off of him they were unable to score. Kayser and Dreiling each secured two hits and Billinger and Krupa, one apiece. Meyer had five strikeouts to his credit and Dreiling twelve. Marcel is a neat pitcher but his team-mates, at times, fail to support him. He issued but one free pass to first and usually had his delivery well under control. Kayser, third sacker for the Thirds, is fast, especially when running the bases. He stole twice and his hits were well aimed. Bill Meyer, for the Fourths, landed the sphere for a double and did some good work at first. Heiman at short is a great boon for his team. He makes seem-

ingly impossible pick-ups and his peg to first is very good.

## Alumni Vs. St. Joe

The Alumni Day baseball game turned out to be a swatting party, but, unfortunately, not for the Alumni. Eight hits and nine runs were collected off the grad pitchers, Fromer and Timm. Luckey, premier pitcher of the Seniors, fanned out ten of the twelve men who faced him. Fr. Wonderly reached first base via the four ball route, but was later thrown out by Luckey at second. He was the only player of the Alumni team who had a good look at first base, excepting, of course, their own first baseman. Luckey began the game by fanning the first three batters. Wolf, lead off man for St. Joe, went to first on an error and after the dust had sufficiently cleared away, he was on second. Gerlach was hit on the finger, thereby getting a free pass to the initial sack. Rath followed with a single. Neidert was given a base on balls and went to second and third on errors. Wolf and Rath scored. Dreiling went to first on an error by the first baseman. Boone flied out to left field. Moore tripled but was unable to score as Issenmann, following him, whiffed out. Result: two hits and four runs. In the second inning Fr. Bauer was thrown out at first by Luckey. The two men following him fanned easily. Luckey started the second inning with a Texas Leaguer to center and scored later. Gerlach flied out to left field. Rath went to first on an error by Lyons, third sacker for the Alumni. Neidert flied out to the third baseman. Dreiling singled and stole second and third. He scored after Boone had gone to first on an error. Dan was later thrown out by the pitcher at second. Three hits, four runs. Lochtefeld, Timm, and Ludwig easily struck out. Moore and Issenmann fanned and Luckey singled. Heiman grounded and was thrown out at first. One hit, no runs. Fr. Wonderly began the fourth frame by walking to first. He was thrown out at second. Fromer and Jefferies struck out. Gerlach singled and scored later. Rath flied out to short. Neidert sent the ball against the gym for a triple. Fortunately the rampage was stopped by the untimely intervention

:(Continued on page 10)



## Safe By a Slide

One Sunday afternoon, the Moody Tailors crossed bats with their old rivals, Hennesey's Sox. The weather was ideal with a clear sky and a warm sun. The field was dry and fast. People, struggling to gain even the slightest places of advantage, were thronging the sidelines far into left and right fields. For these two teams had a larger following than any other two amateur teams in the city. And like all baseball crowds, the people were impatiently waiting for the game to begin. The umpire strode to the plate, announced the batteries, and the game was on.

Smoky Jacket was on the mound for the Tailors, and Joe Pants was receiving his slants. The Sox, unable to touch the Tailors' pitching ace, went out in one, two, three order. The Tailors, in their half of the inning, faced Cotton Stocking, the Sox's veteran hurler, who always had been a thorn in the Tailors' side. Jimmy Coat, lead-off man, grounded out. Al Wool walked, but was left stranded when Sleeve fanned, and Ed Tux fled to center.

The Sox started the fireworks in the third inning. With two men gone, Silk, the Sox's heavy hitter, doubled. Heel then beat out a pretty bunt along the first base line, thereby advancing Silk to third. Black worked Smoky for a free ticket to first base. Then with the bases filled, Lisle came to bat. Smoky wasted three balls before he could slip a strike over the plate. Lisle missed a wide outcurve, but laced out the next pitch for a triple, driving in three runs and giving the Sox rooters something to yell about.

The Tailors, in their half of the fourth, made a determined, but vain effort to tie the score. The first man up singled; Vest next up, followed suit. The third man fanned, but Jimmy Coat shot a liner over short for two bases. One run crossed the plate, but Vest, trying to reach home from first base, was out by inches. The rally, however, was stopped when first baseman Black of the Sox rushed into the crowd and took a foul fly off Shorty Sleeve's bat for the third out.

Thus the game progressed and the score stood 3 to 1 in favor of the Sox when the Tailors came in for their bat in the ninth inning. Smoky Jacket was pitching excellent ball

and except for the disastrous third inning, he had the Sox completely baffled with his lightning-speed ball and fast breaking up-shoot. Cotton Stocking, that veteran of many seasons, used his experience to good advantage, time after time, pulling himself out of dangerous holes. He was given stellar support by his teammates, who cut off every sign of a rally by their superb fielding.

Such was the state of affairs when the Tailors came in from the field to make their last stand. Things did not look any brighter when Vest fanned for the first out. Coat, however, brought the crowd to its feet, by tripling down the right field line. Then Cotton issued his only pass of the day when he walked Wool. Al went down to second on the first pitch. So with the tying run on base, matters looked a bit brighter for the Tailors. But the Sox's right fielder made a running catch of Sleeve's short fly back of first base. Two out and Joe Pants at bat; everything depended on him. Old reliable Pants slapped the first pitch for a single, driving in Coat and Wool with the tying runs. Excitement, noise, confusion reigned supreme. Amid all this pandemonium, Ed Tux came to the plate. He missed the first pitch, but hit the next ball far over the center fielder's head. Pants legging it from first, overran second, stopped to touch it, and started for third. But oh! the dread loss of time! For in those few seconds the center fielder had recovered the ball and had sped it low and straight for the catcher's hands. Joe, meanwhile, had rounded third and was tearing down the path toward the home plate. The crowd was frantic; cries of "Slide—slide" filled the air. But Smoky Jacket, standing near home along the third base line, knew that Pants couldn't slide. Joe could catch, bat and run; but slide—no. Yet for him not to hit the dirt meant defeat for the Tailors. Smoky had an idea; he grabbed a bat and began to wave it frantically at coming Joe. Then just as Pants was about to pass him, Smoky let the bat slip, accidentally, so it seemed, from his hand. The bat caught Joe above his shins and tripped him. He fell, but his momentum carried him forward, and in a swirl of dust he slid across home plate. It was a rather crude and awkward slide, to be sure, but Joe beat the throw by an eyelash and

## King Swat

The King of Swat stepped up to the plate,  
And for the ball did anxiously wait,  
The ball came over just stomach high,  
The King of Swat heaved a mighty sigh.

Then the King did swing with all the fat,

That e'er he had put behind a bat.  
Such a swing was never seen before,  
By the Cobbs, Ruths, and Sislers of yore.

He knocked the ball way to kingdom come,

While the pitcher yelled, "You crazy bum!"

The catcher waited with open mouth,  
As he watched the ball go east by south.

A left fielder by the name of Brown,  
Chased the ball until he ran it down.  
King was running from second to third,

When an awful noise round him he heard.

"A homer, King Swat!" the crowd did yell,

But in rounding third, King slipped and fell.

'Twas a sorry sight to see him fall;  
When he saw the fast in-coming ball.  
He stayed on third, against his will,  
Bruised and wounded from that fatal spill,

But the hit he got made up for all.  
That was lost by that mean third base fall.

So, young pitchers, take this advice,  
Don't pitch to the King anything nice,

For he hits 'em high, he hits 'em low,

And when he hits 'em, oh boy, how they go.

—L. Von der Embse, '28.

### ALUMNI DAY

(Continued from Page One.)

President.....Mr. Frank Theobald  
First Vice-President.....

.....Rev. Victor Meagher, C. P.P. S.  
Second Vice-President.....

.....Mr. Richard Murphy  
Secretary.....Mr. J. Henry Hipskind

Historian.....Rev. James Fitzgerald  
Essay Judges—Rev. William Collins, C. P.P. S.; Rev. Joseph Ehrman;  
Rev. Joseph Hiller, C. P.P. S.

Executive Committeemen—Rev. Edward Freiburger; Mr. Henry Froning.

brought home the winning run.

—C. I., '27.



One mouse to another as they spied something peeking from the edge of a box: "Ain't that the cat's whiskers?"

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(Continued from page one)

tains.....Francis Schwendeman  
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.....Max Herber  
Ward Andrews, who will bear watching.....Anthony Schilling  
Leonard Rand, a merchant prince.....  
.....Cornelius Dobmeyer  
Charley Rand, his son..Lloyd Webber  
Jack Farquhar, who is miscast in the drama of life...Albert Scheiber  
Wilson, a waiter.....Martin Kenney  
Virgie Rand, a girl worth winning.....Harry Estadt  
Niobe Farquhar, Jack's sister.....  
.....Blase Brown  
Phyllis Howe, one of the good old stock.....Paul Galliger  
Martha, her daughter..Desmond Moore

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

ACT I.—The Ayrtop House, White Mountains.  
ACT II.—Hosea's home and the "Perpendicular Farm."  
ACT III.—The "best room" at Mrs. Howe's.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

"Italians in Algeria".....Rossini  
(Overture—Orchestra)  
"VI Air Varie".....De Beriot  
(Violin Solo—Gerard Uhrich)  
"La Paloma"  
(Serenade—Orchestra)

"Why does the waiter look so upset?"  
"Perhaps some one tipped him."

**George Washington Jones**

George Washington Jones, be it understood, was a negro, and so black was he that a piece of coal rubbed across his cheek would have left a white stripe upon it. And he was all out of sympathy with the progressive winged-spirit of these twentieth-century times. Now, this attitude of his was a matter of street gossip. Accordingly, when it became known that George, etc., had not renewed his dog license a suspicion spread abroad among the authorities that his was a case of deliberate violation of the law, arising out of contempt for the same. George Washington Jones was cited before the court. A heated verbal combat ensued; in the first round George was driven to the ropes by the following astute syllogism:

"If your dog license expired, and if you voluntarily failed to renew it, then you were manifestly guilty of violation of the law. But now your dog license expired, January 1, and you admit that you voluntarily failed to renew it. Therefore, you are manifestly guilty of violation of the law."

Whereupon George Washington recovered himself and gave the learned judge a "knockout" blow with the following retort:

"If my dog didn't need a license after January 1, then I didn't need to renew it, and I am not guilty of violation of the law. But now my dog expired together with the license on January 1, therefore, I am manifestly not guilty of violation of the law!"

—W. N., '27.

Blushing is the color of virtue.—  
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# CRACKS AND CRACKERS

By WOOFIE GOOFIE

"Oyez! Oyez!" This cullum is now in session.

Grand Exalted Floater Corcoran has called a meeting of the Royal Egyptian Order of Impenetrable Spareribs.

## ENIGMATIA

1. Through a rock, through a reel, through an old spinning wheel, through a miller's hopper, through a bag of pepper, through an old shink—shank bone; such a riddle never was known. What is it?

2. What does the poor man have that the rich man wants, the miser spends, the spendthrift saves, and all men carry to their graves?

3. What's round at both ends and high in the middle?

(Answers found below)

John Baechle has written to the cullum expressing his opinion that the egg was before the hen. He claims that Mrs. Chicken made her first appearance when she applied to skipper Noe for a passport while an egg that he tasted the other day must have existed in pre-historic ages.

Brenner: I answered a question in class today.

Brown: You did! What did you answer?

Brenner: Present.

Questions that baffle science: Did that shoe that hung in the senior wash-room for a while come from the ante-Pleistocene age or the seventh Egyptian dynasty?

Russell's acquiring a small moustache  
'neath his little beak,  
Getting it on the installment plan

A little down per week.

Brenkus has obtained an exclusive photo of a bunion on the second joint of a flea's little toe for medical science.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMATIA

1. A bolt of lightning.
2. Nothing.
3. Ohio.

"I'm stuck", said Issy as he felt the pin.

A globe trotter, passing the ex-kaiser's home the other day, heard him singing "Ain't gonna reign no mo'."

Connolly: Son, you don't know how I miss your gaboon.

Shaffer: Oh, yes, I do. That's why I threw it away.

Time, tide, and Porky in the morning, wait for no man.

Don't be too sure. There's nothing sure in this world but death, taxes, and Labor day on Monday.

Student (in front of Faculty Building): Is Father B. at home?

Squire: There is nobody home in the top story.

Student: Excuse me. I'll ask someone else.

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**OUTSAGING THE SAGES.**

Gag some people, and they still  
chew the rag.

Some fellows think they're breezy  
when they're only windy.

Many a "line," like a clothes line,  
airs a lot of intimate stuff.

It's a wise guy who never slips  
on his own salve or falls over his  
own bluff.

A go-getter isn't one who runs out  
of gas two miles from a station.

Comparatively few paper-hangers  
get wall-eyed.

Give the road hog the right of  
way and he wants the whole high-  
way.

**MUSEOLOGY.**

The Psalm of Life.

Liza Gratemmen Al Remindus,  
Weaken make our Liza Blime,  
Andy Parting Lee B. Hindus,  
Hoofprints Ona Sandsatime!

She said: "Within our lute of love,  
There seems to be a rift."  
Said he: "You'll have to snow again,  
I didn't catch the drift."

Epitaph—To Vincent.

Here lieth one,

Who often lied before,  
But now he lieth here,  
He lies no more.

**NEAR TRAGEDIES—NO. 2 & 3.**

Because Louis Von der Embse spilled  
the beans,

He said: "That's one on you."  
"Pipe down," Sam cried, "Snap out  
of it,  
Your bean is wobbly too!"

He told her he had lots of jack,  
And loved to spend the kale,  
"Keep on spouting, 'kid," she cried,  
You surely are a whale!"

—M. G., '29.

**ALUMNI VS. ST. JOE**

(Continued from page 6)

of the dinner bell. Consequently the  
Alumni claimed that the game was  
forfeited by the students and hence  
that the Alumni won, 9 to 0. We'll  
leave some one else decide that.  
However, one thing is certain, name-  
ly, the score was 9 to 0 in favor  
of either the Alumni or St. Joe.

Lineups were as follows:

Alumni	St. Joe
Fr. Wonderly	L. F. Moore
Fromer	P. Luckey
Jefferies	F. B. Neidert
Fr. Bauer	S. B. Gerlach
Lyons	T. B. Boone
Scheidler	C. F. Issenmann
Lochtefeld	R. F. Wolf
Timm	S. S. Rath
Ludwig	C. Dreiling

Substitutions: Alumni—Timm for  
Fromer; Fromer for Timm; St. Joe—  
Heiman for Wolf.

Actress: "How much jack do I  
get for the weepin' act?"

Manager: "Three bucks."

Actress: "What, for cryin' out  
loud?"

Shade of Hawthorne: "Your old  
clock on the stairs is rather hack-  
neyed."

Shade of Longfellow: "So's your  
old Manse."

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## A LITTLE MORALIZING.

At times it is very difficult to understand the moral contained in some of the most beautiful quotations of our language. It is for this reason that I point out below some of the more familiar quotations and the moral contained in each of them.

Mary had a little lamb,  
She loved it very well.  
She fed it a stick of dynamite  
And blew it all to ———.

Moral: Never omit words in a sentence which are necessary to the meaning.

Be it ever so humble  
There's no place like home.

Moral: Home is the only place like it.

Carry me back to old Virginny.  
That's where the cotton and the corn  
and tatoes grow.

Moral: While potatoes, corn, and cotton grow in some states; cotton, corn, and potatoes do not.

Roses are red, violets are blue,  
Sugar is sweet and so are pumpkins.

Moral: Pumpkins make good pie.

Remember the "ides of March."

Moral: The dates at the head of each Latin lesson must be written in Latin.

It ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo',  
It ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo'.

Moral: It ain't gonna rain no mo'.

Robert Koch, '26.

## WITH THE WISEACRES.

Miller: "Dayberry must be expecting some more cold weather and snow."

Miles: "Why?"

Miller: "Oh! He has been sawing wood every night for the last few weeks."

Nurse Baechle: "This hot water bag isn't any good."

Nurse Dreiling: "Why?"

Nurse Baechle: "I had water in it for over four hours and it didn't get a bit hot."

Since "Rip" Reardon has been appointed collector of the money for the next second year feed, he has become a regular Jew with his "gimme—gimme."

Johnny: "I want a microbe."

Doctor: "What for?"

Johnny: "For 'rithmetic. Teacher said they multiply so fast."

Bonk says he has himself in fine shape now, and is just about ready to tackle a few rounds with Bauman.

Beerman: "Your neck reminds me of a typewriter."

Reineck: "How do you figure?"

Beerman: "Underwood."

Hinkel: "Zzz-zzz-zzz."

Weis: "Rip-zing rip-zing."

Kelley's Island: "Well, fellows, wake up and let me say something."

A little later: "Rrr-ooo-aaa-rrr!"

—W. P., '28.

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## SPRINGTIME YEARNINGS.

I long for the sweet balm of spring-  
time,  
When all things are happy and gay;  
I long for the sweet smelling flowers  
And the brook as it flows on its way.

I long for the deep cool forest  
Where the squirrel is searching for  
food,  
And marvel that all nature's children  
Are enjoying so lively a mood.

I long for the voice of the songsters,  
And the lazy hum of the bees;  
I long for feathered youngsters  
That nestle in peace mid the trees.

I long for the clear, silent waters  
Of the old swimming hole at home,  
Where I dived to the very bottom  
To carry out the largest stone.

I long for the chill spring mornings  
When I shoulder my trusty gun,  
Leaving home long before sunrise  
For a day of springtime fun.

I long for the rich gifts of nature  
In this happy time of the year  
When even unfortunate mortals  
Are filled with joy and good cheer.

—O. Ockuly, '26.

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